A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhoute,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
vvhether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no,
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirmd, ſignd, ratified by you.

Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
ſuch as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
to wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my ſelfe,
a thouſand times more faire, tenne thouſand times
more rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends
exceede account: but the full ſumme of me
is ſume of ſomething: which to terme in groſſe,
is an vnleſſond girle, vnſchoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
but ſhe may learne: happier then this,
ſhee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
this houſe, theſe ſeruaunts, and this ſame my ſelfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
vvhich when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,

onely

onely my blood ſpeakes to y
and there is ſuch confuſion i
as after ſome oration fairely
by a beloued Prince, there d
among the buzzing pleaſed
Where euery ſomthing beei
turnes to a wild of nothing,
expreſt, and not expreſt: bu
parts from this finger, then
ô then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio*

Ner. My Lord and Lady,
that haue ſtoode by and ſeen
to cry good ioy, good ioy my

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, a
I wiſh you all the ioy that yo
for *I* am ſure you can wiſh no
and when your honours mea
the bargaine of your fayth: I
euen at that time I may be m

Baſſ. With all my hart, ſo

Gra. I thanke your Lord
My eyes my Lord can looke
you ſaw the miſtres, I beheld
You lou'd, *I* lou'd for intermi
No more pertaines to me my
your fortune ſtood vpon the
and ſo did mine to as the mat
for wooing heere vntill *I* ſwe
and ſwearing till my very rou
with oathes of loue, at laſt, if
I got a promiſe of this faire o
to haue her loue: prouided t
atchiu'd her miſtres.

Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, ſo yo

Baſſ. And doe you *Gratia*

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRAR